the Rockwell Report

Lincoln Rockwell January 1965

ANATOMY OF WHITE SURRENDER

In Selma, Alabama

OUR 4TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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—AP Wirephoto

CONFRONTATION

George Lincoln Rockwell (left), head of the American Nazi Party, confronts Dr. Martin Luther King, 1964 Nobel Peace Prize winner, today in front of the Dallas County, Ala., courthouse.

This is being written in Selma, Alabama in the middle of Martin Luther Coon's attack. I have just gotten out of jail. Rarely, in six years of fighting race-mixing and communism, have I felt so disgusted.

Most of what I will write here has never been reported.

Every time Martin Luther Coon sneezes, the entire American press, radio and TV go into paroxysms about the "great event".

Yet in the past two days, I have seen at least three major events involving this vile, black, communistic agitator completely suppressed in all news media--even local!

To understand the significance of this, you will have to know the whole, bitter story of what's happened to our White People and why we keep LOSING.

At five AM, Friday morning, January 15, the radio next to my bed in Arlington, Va., blared out the ugly challenge of the black bolsheviks in Selma.

On Monday, January 18th, "Dr." Martin Luther King would hurl his vicious army of trained black agitators at the throat of Selma! He would ram his evil crew of bearded New York niggers, beatnik kids, Jews and communists into every tiny hamburger stand, restaurant, hotel, motel and drug store in Selma!

Now Selma is well-known throughout Alabama and the South as the TOUGHEST town in the State. If Selma could be whipped, other towns would not have the heart to resist. When the champ goes down, it's hard to keep fighting.

King's hateful purpose was nothing less than a determination to SMASH the whole town of Selma, to humiliate it publically, on national TV; to

ENFORCE his communistic, race-mixing edicts on the quiet, God-fearing and decent Christian people of Selma; to beat them so far down that no other Christians in Alabama would ever again try resistance.

Selma is in Dallas County, where blacks far outnumber Whites, as they now do in Washington, D. C. Under minority White, Christian rule, (as in Rhodesia and S. Africa), Selma is prosperous, clean, crime-free and communist-free. If King can succeed with his "voter registration drive", Selma will not be an INTEGRATED town; --it will be BLACK DOMINATED, --like Washington, D. C. It will not be crime and communist free, as Washington was when ruled by Whites, and as Mississippi NOW IS, but it will become a black NIGHTMARE as the nation's capital and the big cities of the North have now become.

As I listened to that maddening radio boast by Martin Luther Coon that he would integrate and humiliate Selma, I almost literally ached with anger and desire to fight. I had seen this asiatic-faced, black devil humble and humiliate one White, Christian area of America after another, and I knew what would happen. I knew the good, White citizens of Selma were capable of solving their ordinary problems and maintaining ordinary law and order. But I also knew that Martin Luther King was no "ordinary" problem. This vicious, trained black agitator, attended a Communist agitation and riot school in Monteagle, Tennessee, and there is nothing "ordinary" about him. He is a highly trained, PROFESSIONAL hell-raiser who has proved, time after time, that he can lick the daylights our of any ordinary, law-abiding, decent, White Christian town and its law-enforcement agencies. He is an AGITATOR--ordinary "law" and policemen don't really work when applied to such professional, communistic agitators. Jail, to him, is a welcome tool, and violence often even more so.

There is not one single citizen of Selma who has made it his life's work to study the violence of political revolution and agitation in the streets, King's use of provocation, phony "non-violence", phony "religion", and the baiting of policemen beyond endurance to provide the Northern press and TV with heart-rending photos of bleeding, beaten, "innocent" nigger victims of "police brutality". To be a master of this science is to become intimately acquainted with the very science of deviltry itself. And no decent, law-abiding citizen or peace-officer, in the course of an ordinary life, ever needs or learns such hellish information. In fact, the necessary knowledge can be gained from no text book or school, but only by becoming a political agitator or counter-agitator oneself. Only be getting out in the streets all over the nation and facing the Jew-Communist scum and their black armies can you learn their filthy red-riot methods and how to STOP THEM, as I have done.

Even if there were a citizen of Selma who knew something of the devilish science of communist provocation, agitation and how to stop it by counter-agitation, he would be far from a supreme MASTER of this business able to equal Martin Luther King as an agitator.

Selma's situation was a lot like the situation of a man suddenly attacked in the Courts by a brilliant attorney. The ordinary citizen, even if he knows something about the law, doesn't try to defend himself with his own talents against the brilliant lawyer--he brings in an OUTSIDE talent --a lawyer, just as sharp as the one attacking him. You can fight a lawyer only with ANOTHER lawyer.

Nor is it an insult to local attorneys if a man attacked in the Courts by a famous National Champ like Edward Bennet Williams, for instance, calls in an equally famous, nationally-known lawyer from out of town. To try to stand up to Edward Bennet Williams even with a good Country Lawyer would be poor planning.

Yet, there is NO COUNTER-AGITATOR AT ALL IN SELMA to face up to such a national "champ" as Martin Luther Coon! No one! Not the mayor, not the sherriff, --not the police "director".

The local police authority, lawyers and judges are adequate for Selma's needs.

But they are as helpless before the onslaught of such diabolical agitators as Martin Luther King as most readers would be trying to fight a Court case by themselves. They are no longer facing a LAW-ENFORCEMENT PROBLEM-- they are facing an agitational problem, and the champ at that!

Any lawyer will tell you how idiotic it is for a layman to try to defend himself in criminal court from murder charges. Under such attack, you need TOP PROFESSIONAL HELP!

Yet the first reaction of every town I have ever known under attack by Martin Luther King, including Selma, is ALWAYS: "We can handle this ourselves, we don't want ANY outside agitators!"

Who in his right mind, when attacked by a brilliant lawyer, insists that he "can handle it alone", and calls any attorney who wants to help him an "outside agitator"?

I knew all this when I heard Martin Luther King's arrogant boast that he would beat Selma to its knees and thus smash Alabama's last ditch defenses against the communist, race-mixing filth and humiliation.

I knew the people of Selma, most of them, would fail to realize their desperate need for PROFESSIONAL help and would resent me as an "outside agitator" almost as much as my rotten, black opponent.

I knew that Police, lawyers, and judges, especially, would bitterly resent my "interference".

Few of them would recognize that they already HAD "outside interference" and that their very fine little town of Selma simply was not prepared or equipped to stand off, much less beat, such a brilliant and skillful national champ agitator as MLK. All their healthy instincts would tell them, quite simply and directly, was to bash in the heads of the filthy red and black enemy invaders. Unfortunately, this was exactly what Coon and his degenerate mob wanted!

At the same time, no ordinary "police methods" would stop Mr. Coon and his trained ape mobs. Nor was there any hope in the courts, since passage of the un-American, communist "civil-rights" act. Without "outside" help, I knew Coon would whip Selma!

I remembered Danville, Virginia.

A year ago this December, MLK announced publicly that he was going to "turn Danville inside out and upside down" and that there would be "no peace in Danville" until the niggers got what they demanded. This was after they had already been beaten and jailed in several clashes. Coon's methods flourish on "persecution".

I had gone to Danville to RIDICULE Mr. Coon out of business, by having black-faced clowns making a fool of him everywhere he moved, and by a lot of other methods which will be described below. I knew Mr. Coon dearly loves to appear on TV with his slow-speaking "human dig--ni--tee", trying to act like White Folks, and I knew the ONE thing he couldn't take was mocking laughter and ridicule.

(It is ridiculous for a person to FORCE himself into another person's private property by laws and policemen, and I was prepared to expose the full ridiculousness of Coon and his nigger troops.)

On December 15th, 1963, Coon was supposed to show up in Danville for his communistic hell raising. And we were ready! The papers and radio cooperated by printing and reporting our plans and preparations. The police were FAIR, leaving us ALONE so long as we obeyed the law.

The result was that Mr. Coon, in spite of his unlawful threats to turn Danville "upside down and inside out" on DECEMBER 15th, --never even showed up, --nor has there been a lick of nigger trouble since in Danville.

When you make M. L. Coon the black-faced minstrel he IS, he's whipped!

I thought of all this as I leaped out of bed that cold January morning in Arlington and started the wheels turning to do my best to help the good, White Christian people of Selma, as we had been able to help the folks in Danville.

I made a dozen long-distance calls, raising the basic funds to GET to Selma; arranging for air shipment of three "African delegate" costumes, witch-doctor's outfits, cannibal rigs, nose bones, etc.; arranging transportation; rousing all our friends in the area to help and checking off a hundred other details for a successful and legal attack on Coon and his filthy nigger mob by ridicule. I already had far more to do for the Party than I could handle, but I could not stand the thought of Coon just humbling and humiliating Selma without at least a good strong and effective opposition on behalf of the Whites.

I called the police officials in Selma, and notified them I was coming down to do all I could, legally, to trounce Coon and his mob, and promised to check in with police as soon as I arrived.

Jerry Dutton, Information Director of the American States Rights Party, agreed to work with us and met me at the Birmingham Airport. He drove me to a hotel, where I held preliminary conferences with him and other ex-members of Field's National States Rights Party, now running the American States Rights Party.

Next morning, we drove to Selma, via Montgomery. (An interesting sidelight is that we stopped for lunch at the Whitley Hotel in Montgomery, and discovered the Citizen's Councils holding a convention there. I saw two of my good friends but refrained from recognizing them for fear of the usual charges of trying to "smear" them.)

As soon as we drove into Selma, we checked in with police officials. The Sherriff's office was closed and locked, so we went to see the "Director of Public Safety", as they call the chief of Police down there, a Mr. Wilson Baker.

Baker was a typical, bull-sized, fog-horn-voiced, Southern police official, a likeable guy. He was 100% with us on the nigger-communist situation, and even agreed that is would be legal for us to give Mr. Coon fits in the streets in black-face. We pledged him we would obey the laws and do all in our power to avoid causing any trouble.

"We're here to help STOP trouble, not start it", we assured him. The only thing Baker completely failed to see was the totality of the attack by the reds and blacks on Selma. Selma had already had some skirmishes with Coon & Co., but they had been reconnoitering and scouting trips by the niggers, something only an experienced counter-agitator could have realized. The nigger boasts were being almost blacked our of the news in the South. "He's been here before, but with none of his press corps and no national stink," growled Mr. Baker, "and there won't be no trouble here on Monday!"

I tried to make him see that the trumpeting of the nigger boasts in the North while the news was soft-pedalled in the South meant a SNEAK attack, but, in typical "we-can-handle-it, son" manner, he pooh-poohed this suggestion.

We checked in at the "Albert" Hotel, a magnificent relic of ante-bellum days in the old South, a hotel started before the Civil War, and almost burned by the Yankees.

We called our friends and supporters in Selma and soon had a roomful of the kind of White Folks who built this wonderful country.

I explained to our Selma friends that King would thrive on violence, arrests or court action, --that the ONLY way we had found effective to smash him was scorn, ridicule and humor. Any politician will tell you that being laughed at is hard to take, --and for a nigger trying to act dignified like White Folks, like Mr. Coon and his trained apes, laughter was deadly poison!

COON DAY

I had scant hopes of "selling" the idea, of course, but what I hoped was that I could counter Coon's designation of Monday as "Freedom Day" by getting the city officials to designate Monday as "Nigger Day" or "Coon Day in Selma". (Believe it or not, "nigger" is such a common word down there that "nigger day" might not be perceived by the jigs for the insult it was meant to be, and the local folks suggested "coon day" instead!) I even hoped we could get the city fathers to hang up big banners across the main entrances to town. "Welcome NIGGERS to COON DAY IN SELMA!" Can you imagine Martin Luther King, Jr., driving into town from the airport, with all his simian dignity, and being forced to drive right under such a banner with TV cameras griding!

It was quickly apparent we could get no such local cooperation, but we did set up a crash program to do the following:

(1) Jerry Dutton and I wrote a special "Coon Day in Selma Menu" to be handed out by all restaurant owners to the jig integrators when they forced their way in for service. Jerry and James McDanials, ASRP top men, --who work in a steel mill, and had to be on the job early in the morning, raced back to Birmingham with the "menu", mimeographed it, and sent it back to me by bus for use Monday AM. Instead of describing this "menu", I will simply print it, as mimeographed, --and YOU decide on its effect among the nigger mob!

TURN PAGE ➡

(2) Three nigger "African delegate" costumes were air-shipped to arrive for the fun, including black-face, spears, bones for the hair (or fuzz), plumes, witch-doctor's masks, raggedy "robes", etc. Unfortunately, they never arrived, for what reason I have not learned. But fortunately, the local lads took up a collection to fly down from Arlington our "champ" minstrel, Robert Lloyd, who recently completed a very successful engagement on the floor of Congress as the "Mississippi delegation". We also arranged,

HATE-TOONS -By John Patler

at the suggestion of McDaniels of the ASRP, for our black-face man to carry a huge doll in a lunch box, with salt, pepper and catsup, on which to munch during the integration scenes.

(3) Local sign shops were to produce about a hundred silk-screened posters reading, "Welcome coons, jigs, niggers, etc., to COON DAY IN SELMA!" These signs were to be placed in all restaurant, motel and hotel windows and doors, and on counters wherever the jigs were trying to eat.

(4) We gave away thousands of "Boat Tickets to Africa", which most readers have seen, but which we here reproduce in miniature to refresh memories, if necessary. These were to be "lovingly" given to all niggers as they left integration scenes.

(5) I passed out almost a hundred of our records, "SHIP THOSE NIGGERS BACK" and "WE IS NON-VIOLENT NIGGERS". Two loud speakers at each end of town were to blare these "love" songs at the nigger mobs steadily all during the big race-mixing push. I also gave one to every place with a juke box or record player, --to be played while the coons were eating. (I also made some suggestions as to original and fancy methods of "serving" the unwelcome "guests".)

(6) I carried a big gas-mask, and planned to carry this while trying to "interview" Martin Luther himself, and to explain to newsmen that the mask was in case the smell got too bad.

(7) Finally, I asked all our local people to pass the word to "have a ball" when Coon was getting the "works" from all this ridicule and laughter. I told them we could LAUGH the black S. O. B. out of town--and we COULD have. We WOULD have!

No nigger or Jew in the world could have stopped us from utterly destroying the Selma mob, as Capt. Lloyd "destroyed" the "Mississippi delegation" in Washington with ridicule.

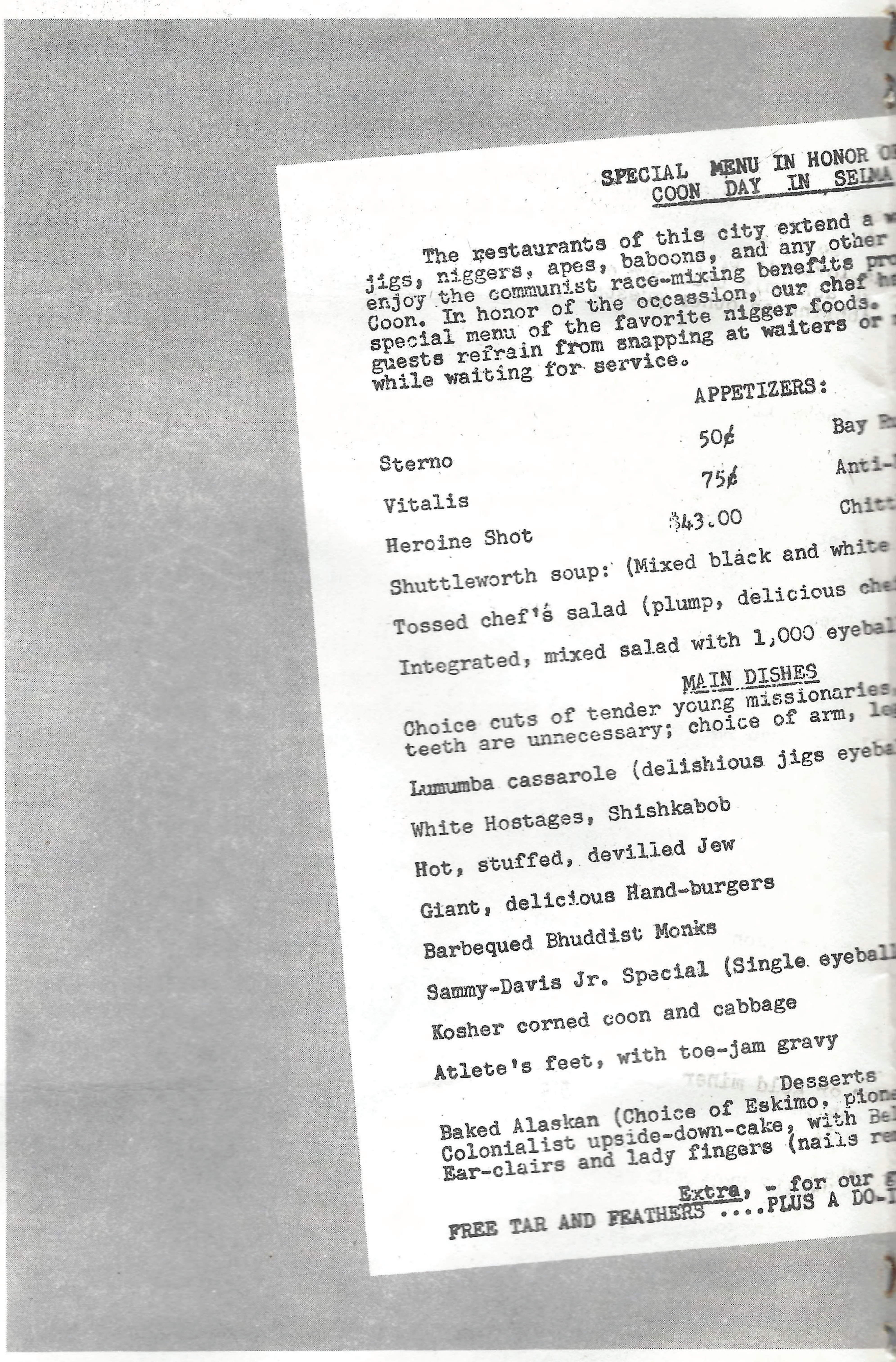
There was only ONE force capable of stopping us, --and that was on our OWN side, --if they were blind and foolish enough to do it.

They were.

I had made what was perhaps the mistake of honestly telling the officials our plans since we did not want any part of illegal activity, and the officials seemed square and courageous. It is always my sincere desire to cooperate with all law-enforcement officials, and I bend far, far over backwards to do this.

The result was that on Monday morning, as Capt. Lloyd was putting on his black-face in our hotel-room, the city attorney was busy working like a termite to wreck every effort we had made to hurt Mr. Coon and his communistic mob.

Subsequent developments have convinced me that, as usual, it was the Jew merchants who hog up Selma's main street (and business) who started the pressure, but in any case, the first indication I had of things going awry was the failure of any of our eager friends of the day before (Sunday) to show up Monday morning to help. Dutton and McDaniels had been forced to return to Birmingham to work in the steel mill, and I was all alone with Capt. Lloyd, --facing Coon, cops, sheriff, niggers, --and the unknown. I had no "intelligence" of where Coon was or was going, and no help whatever. No signs. No music on main street. Not even a car.



SPECIAL MENU IN HONOR O
COON DAY IN SELMA

The restaurants of this city extend a
jigs, niggers, apes, baboons, and any other
enjoy the communist race-mixing benefits pr
Coon. In honor of the occassion, our chef h
special menu of the favorite nigger foods.
guests refrain from snapping at waiters or
while waiting for service.

APPETIZERS:

	50¢	Bay
Sterno	75¢	Anti-
Vitalis	$43.00	Chitt
Heroine Shot		

Shuttleworth soup: (Mixed black and white

Tossed chef's salad (plump, delicious che

Integrated, mixed salad with 1,000 eyebal

MAIN DISHES

Choice cuts of tender young missionaries,
teeth are unnecessary; choice of arm, le

Lumumba cassarole (delishious jigs eyeba

White Hostages, Shishkabob

Hot, stuffed, devilled Jew

Giant, delicious Hand-burgers

Barbequed Bhuddist Monks

Sammy-Davis Jr. Special (Single eyebal

Kosher corned coon and cabbage

Atlete's feet, with toe-jam gravy

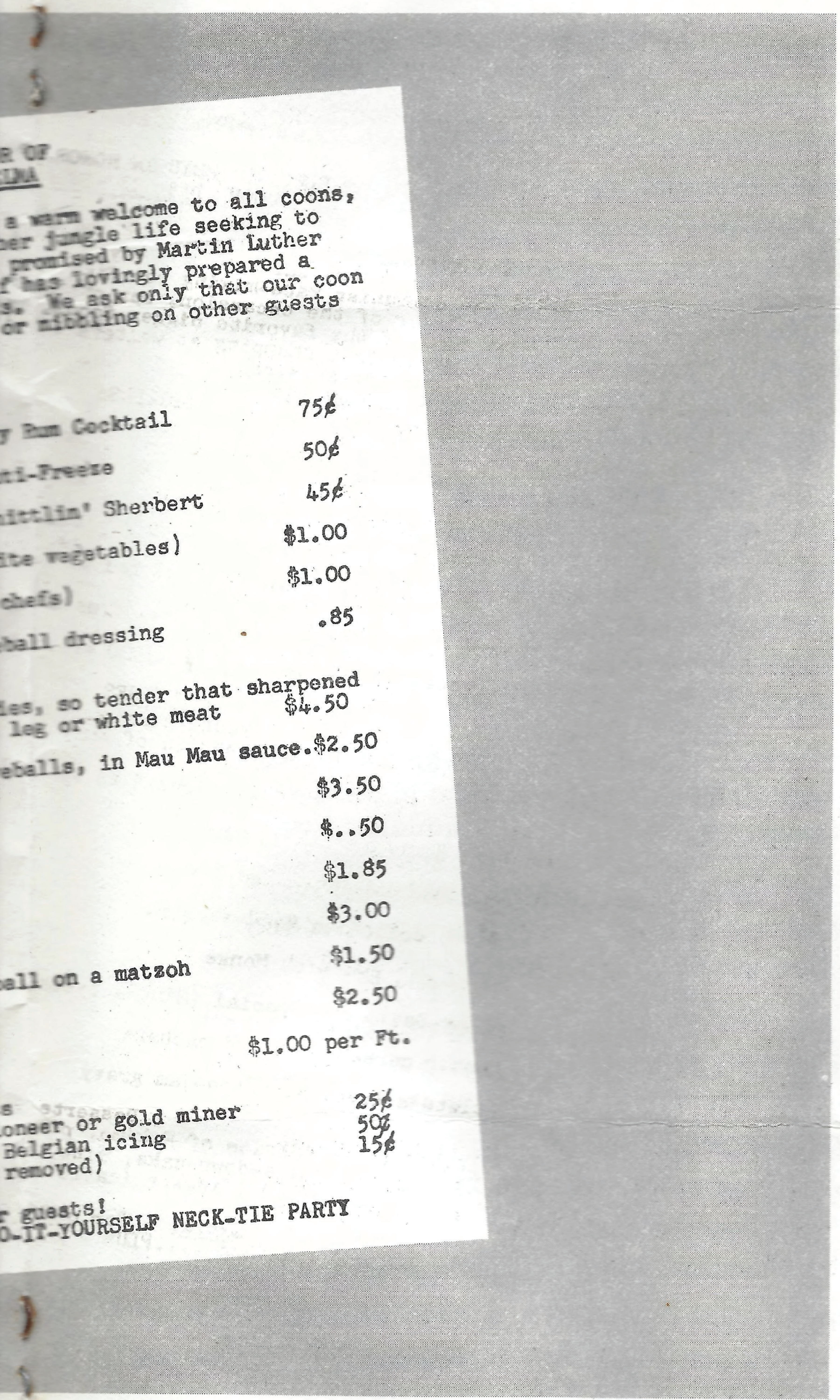
Desserts

Baked Alaskan (Choice of Eskimo, pion
Colonialist upside-down-cake, with Be
Ear-clairs and lady fingers (nails re

Extra, - for our
FREE TAR AND FEATHERS ....PLUS A DO-

Then I got a telephone call from Police Director Baker which left no more room for doubt about what was going on.

In his best bull-elephant growl, Mr. Baker told me I better not do anything "out of line", and, if I did, he rumbled, menacingly, "Ah'm gonna lock yo' ass up!", ---"Ah'm MEAN, Rockwell, you better know it!", --etc., etc.



R OF
LMA

a warm welcome to all coons,
ner jungle life seeking to
promised by Martin Luther
f has lovingly prepared a
s. We ask only that our coon
or nibbling on other guests

y Rum Cocktail	75¢
ti-Freeze	50¢
ittlin' Sherbert	45¢
ite vegetables)	$1.00
chefs)	$1.00
ball dressing	.85
ies, so tender that sharpened leg or white meat	$4.50
eballs, in Mau Mau sauce.	$2.50
	$3.50
	$..50
	$1.85
	$3.00
all on a matzoh	$1.50
	$2.50
	$1.00 per Ft.
s	25¢
oneer or gold miner	50¢
Belgian icing	15¢
removed)	

r guests!
O-IT-YOURSELF NECK-TIE PARTY

I did manage to get the "Menus" to the courageous owner of Selma's biggest restaurant, and he had promised to get them to the others.

Then came the calls to restaurant owners from the city attorney, falsely telling them that passing out those menus would "involve the city, legally"!!! The restaurant man feared nothing, for himself, and was ready to give those niggers FITS, --but the usual chain of Jew command, as I have learned to know with such disgust, everywhere, had gone into action. The menus disappeared. Still no music on the streets, after the big stack of records I had given away.

I was desperately trying to find out where Coon himself was, since I now knew pretty well that the Jews had managed to pressure the city to the point where in spite of the assurances of legallity by Mr. Baker, the Police Director, our black-face "champ" would probably be pinched! So I wanted to be sure Lloyd "got" Coon to maximum TV advantage and made a complete fool of Martin Luther before our boy could be seized. To get Lloyd nearer the scene of action, I raced across the street with him and put him inside a phone booth in a restaurant, from where I could "launch" him at Coon as soon as I found out where the nigger leader was. With no car, no help and no knowledge of what was going on in town with the jigs, I did not want to "commit" our "champ" in blackface prematurely and for nothing. I figured they wouldn't DARE arrest him on private property doing NOTHING, and almost invisible all in black in a dark phone booth! I figured wrong. When our kind of people get panicky under the pressure of Jew merchants, there is damned near NOTHING they WON'T do, as events proved.

It is difficult to describe the torture experienced by Capt. Lloyd, sweating there in that phone booth! He was there almost an hour, while I desperately searched for the nigger scene of action by phone in my hotel room. He felt sure I was arrested, and didn't know WHAT to do! It was boiling in the booth, and the nigger outfit and black-face were smothering him. But he stuck it out, loyally and with utmost discipline.

The next call I got was from some decent citizen who was good enough to call me and tell me Lloyd had been seized by police and dragged out of the phone booth!--Charges?--Why,"suspicious person", of course, --after we had informed the top police official of precisely who he was and what he would be doing! Then they modified this to "disorderly conduct"! Imagine!--Almost invisible, --in a phone booth!

Roaring mad, I charged out of that hotel room to do the best I could, get Lloyd bailed out and back in action if possible, and do what I could myself.

With the "luck" which I believe is something a lot more than that, I charged into a herd of niggers at the Court House, --looking for the jail to bail out Lloyd. The black mob was there "registering". I busted through all of them up the steps and confronted the Sheriff, who bellowed at me that the jail was down the street four blocks.

I bulled through the herd of niggers once more down the steps of the Courthouse, and there, praise be, --at the bottom, I saw his royal lowness, Martin Luther King, Jr. !

King Put On Spot

Fairly bursting with outrage and fire by now, I accosted this black agitator who was out there defying everybody and everything in Selma. I heard the Sherriff ordering me to move along, as only those "registering" were supposed to be blocking the street. I saw the chance to "nail" Coon, so I began to blast Coon loudly and demand that he get off the street or go up and register. The Sherriff came out on the steps, flushed red and mad as a bull, and threatened to arrest those who didn't "move on" or get in line to register. Coon COULDN'T register in good faith, any more than I could, so I kept hollering at him and making him and his nigger staff as uncomfortable as I have ever seen a nigger except at the end of a rope. The Sherriff was burning, but Coon was burning more. So I demanded that we BOTH be arrested! I was more than willing to go to jail to get this black swine arrested, AS HE LEGALLY SHOULD HAVE BEEN! By arresting me too, the Sherriff would have been covered from charges of "persecuting" this filthy, black agitator!

I yelled and hollered at him and prodded my corn-cob pipe-stem under his ugly nose but there was no arrest. The only action was that somebody from BEHIND me began to heckle and insult me, --and I discovered it was a WHITE man. A quick glance revealed he was wearing a little brass "Thunderbolt" insignia, and I realized it was somebody Fields had sent. (Fields didn't come himself, less than ninety miles from his home!)

Here I was, almost alone, my only companion in jail, and blasting away at the vilest agitator in America, at the risk of beating or arrest, --with this unknown NSRP man behind me and ATTACKING ME ! He was making loud remarks that I was with the FBI, the Jews and the niggers, etc., etc. ! Until I got there, he had been simply standing around doing absolutely nothing. That's the truth! Now that I had attacked the enemy, he was attacking ME! Can you IMAGINE how the enemy must have laughed at us White people!

I goaded and maddened Mr. Coon until I finally figured he couldn't escape a challenge, so I flung it at him. I asked him if he were man enough to stand up "non-violently" and debate me, any place, any time. I told him I would expose the communistic nature of his operation, and how he was USING the local niggers, ---not helping them.

Under terrific pressure of cameras, mikes and a press of niggers and policemen all around, he was forced to counter.

"You can speak at our meeting tonight!" he said, looking like a rat hunting a hole.

I accepted with alacrity, and promised to thrash him good.

Abernathy, his black lackey, piped up, "only fifteen minutes!"

I stalked away, followed by curses and jeers from the unknown NSRP man. "Let's have some vaudeville, Rockwell!" he kept shouting as I shouldered my way through the nigger mob. Then the NSRP man asked King for 15 minutes, too, --AND GOT IT!

At the jail, the same place where I had talked to the Police Director, Wilson Baker, only two days before, I found my efforts to bail Lloyd out harrassed to the limit. Before the bondsman would finally bail him out, he had to call somebody (the city attorney, I suspect) and get what appeared to be "permission"!

They took FOREVER to get him processed and wouldn't release him till the black-face was washed off. Then, in the middle of washing it off, they ordered him to stop washing. I had had enough, and told him to get if off, since HE would have looked like a fool with a dirty face for the TV cameras, --not the niggers!

I felt we had at least a good chance for a victory, for all our trouble, with the upcoming chance to blast Coon at his own meeting.

Nevertheless, Lloyd and I felt so low it is impossible to convey it in words. He had failed in a mission for the FIRST time in his life, --through no fault of his own.

We had seen our magnificent and legal plans for humbling and humiliating the niggers and Martin Luther Coon utterly destroyed and reversed, --BY OUR OWN WHITE PEOPLE!

I had been forced to participate in a foolish public three-corner battle with a fellow WHITE man (of the NSRP), even as I was risking everything to do battle with the black enemy!

While we were trying to cheer each other up in the hotel room, and plan what to do next, we heard a New York Times reporter in a room down the hall calling in the story of how the

NSRP man, whose name I now learned was Jimmy Robinson, had whacked Coon in the hotel lobby right below us! I was flabbergasted! Under these circumstances, there is NOTHING Coon would have liked better than such "martyrdom" for the Northern press!

One of the local supporters showed up, and offered to drive us out of town to eat. I accepted gratefully. Seeing Selma so humbled and beaten, while its officials did their level best in the name of "no-outside-agitators" to prevent heckling of the nigger campaign, --was more than either of us could take. I am not ashamed to admit that, as I watched the niggers arrogantly marching into Selma's restaurants, tears welled into my eyes, and I couldn't stand any more. Our friend drove us to a wonderful place in Uniontown, with a huge sign out front, "WHITE ONLY", --and I began to pluck up spirit. They fed us a delicious meal, and put our record, "SHIP THOSE NIGGERS BACK" on the juke box.

I began to contemplate with some horror the coming debate with King that night.

Already the Jew press had distorted the news by saying that I had practically begged Coon for the chance to speak at his nigger rally. Unless I played my cards just right, I would get tagged as an "integrationist", just for going IN to that nigger church.

At the same time, if I BLASTED him too vigorously, and there were a riot, I would be gone a long, long time, --for very little.

Lloyd and were both in "the dumps", but the truly WONDERFUL, Christian folks who ran that place rescued us, --not only emotionally, but tactically.

I had been considering addressing the assembled niggers in the gas-mask, as a method of quietly insulting the black mob for the benefit of TV and press, -- and even thought of speaking in uniform. Fundamentally, I knew any such actions in a CHURCH, --even a nigger church, --would be a gross, perhaps a fatal mistake. We would be made to look like the bullies and monsters we are supposed to be.

My "victory" in getting Coon to "debate" had seemed to turn to ashes in my mouth.

Over our delicious meal, I muttered to my host and his charming mother and still-vigorous and fightin' Confederate father my forebodings about the coming speech to the niggers.

Let the atheists scoff, but I cannot believe it was pure "accident" we were in that particular time and place with those particular people. These folks came up with the ANSWER, nothing less than an inspired answer, --and had the Selma officials been just a mite less officious, I would have WHIPPED Mr. Coon in his own church as he has never been whipped in his life!!

BIBLE PROOF

They got out a tattered old family Bible, and showed me how Genesis makes it clear that niggers are the descendants of Cain---and a MONKEY. There ain't no arguing with it! If you believe the Bible, then Adam and Eve had only Cain and Abel, and when Cain killed Abel the Lord sent him into the Land of Nod (which means "darkness")--where the Bible says Cain MATED and produced young. Now, since there weren't any more people yet in the world, he HAD to mate with an orangutan or some other APE!

Let those who sneer reflect that the simple Country niggers around Selma would be absolutely beaten with that true Bible story . There just ain't NO way around it, if you believe the Bible. And since Mr. Coon is a PREACHER, and since I would be speaking in a CHURCH, what better than to preach to those coons, --from the BIBLE that they were made part Monkey by the Lord himself, and made to serve man, who is in God's image, --the WHITE man. Perhaps that all sounds crazy in Boston

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or New York, --but in a Country church, in Selma Alabama, with a packed audience of clapping, singing, half-savage Africans, --I COULD not only have put it across, but left Coon holding the "bag", --a bag full of MONKEYS!

Then I planned to PRAY, --as hard as I ever did as a kid, that those simple niggers would see what a fool Coon is making of them, and how he is USING them, and doing the work of Jewish, New York Communists, with those country niggers. I was ready to PRAY Mr. Coon right out of that church and I would have DONE IT, --with the help of those folks at the Truck stop.

I called Jerry Dutton and urged him to come down and stand shoulder to shoulder with us, and perhaps to speak too, for the American States Rights Party to counter the bad impression made when the NSRP man attacked me out in front of the Court House with all the niggers watching and enjoying it. Jerry was off in a flash and arrived in Selma in time to plan our approach. He isn't a "Nazi" and I'm not a "States Righter", --but he's a FIGHTER and a WHITE MAN, --and there's no good reason on earth why Whites should be forever fighting EACH OTHER. We proved it!

I had heard that the police had roped off the nigger church, and you had to have some kind of "pass" or permission to get through, so I called Mr. Baker again, to see what procedure I should follow to debate Coon without causing any more difficulty than necessary to authorities.

The police called back and told me to go across the street to the restaurant where Lloyd had been arrested, where Baker was eating, and talk to him.

We did. He did his damnedest to bluff, scare and talk me out of going at all. I assured him there would be no violence, that I was going to pray, and that they were "non-violent" type niggers. Actually, truthfully, I believe there WOULD have been no violence, either. My Deputy Commander once jumped up at Coon's nigger meeting in Danville, Virginia, and berated Coon unmercifully. Coon responded by praying, and preaching his red-type "love", etc., etc. I am sure he had the same "love" routine ready to smother me that night. But I was going to beat him to death with his own Bible, and his nigger "love" flood would have drowned him, not me.

When Baker saw there was no deterring us, he told us to check in with the police near the church and he would personally escort us in and out. We thanked him and went back to the hotel to get ready.

Coon had told me that his meeting began at 7:00, so, at about 6:30, Jerry Dutton, of the ASRP, and Robert Lloyd and I started walking to the nigger church. I carried in my hand a Bible, carefully marked for the passages proving coons are monkeys.

Cops stopped us a few blocks away in the pitch dark in nigger-town, and Baker came and picked us up in his car.

We stopped outside the church, because Baker said he wanted to see if Coon still wanted me to speak. He went in and came back with two strange niggers. He introduced them ceremoniously as important niggers in charge of the church. They informed me we were "not welcome". (I later learned Coon wasn't even in the church. I suspect that Baker simply got some tame local niggers to perform as he desired, which would be easy, --to keep us out of that church.)

I realized that if Coon had NOT welched on his invite, and I failed to show, I would be ruined for life as "chicken" to face this scummy communistic crud, after challenging him. I had little choice, so I told Baker I wanted to be refused the invitation by King himself, in which case I would depart peacefully. I started across the street with my Bible in the dark. Baker grabbed me with such force he knocked the Bible into the street, and placed me under "arrest".

I asked what were the charges and was told we were "disturbing the peace"!

Robert Lloyd and Jerry Dutton, who were doing and saying nothing, were ALSO arrested and charged!

I first subpoenaed Martin Luther King, himself.

With the black devil on the stand under oath, he would have to answer in the open whether or not he DID welch on his invitation. If he said he did, the press couldn't hide it, and King, --not I--would be damaged as a coward and quitter. If he said the invitation were good, --which I think it was, then Baker would stand revealed as a bully and faker, and abuser of his police powers, --against a WHITE MAN!

First Baker and the City Attorney dropped charges against Jerry Dutton. As an Alabama boy, they couldn't get the "outside agitator" pry onto him, and he had done NOTHING, nothing at all. Then they nolle prossed the "disturbing" charge against Lloyd who was also doing nothing except being with me. Next Lloyd defended himself in Court against the charge that he was "disorderly" by being in that phone booth. Lloyd has studied hard in our "law" classes at National Headquarters.

"Did you see me do anything?" asked Lloyd

"No."

"Did you hear me say anything?"

"No."

"Did I kick anybody?"

"No."

"Was I drinking?"

"No."

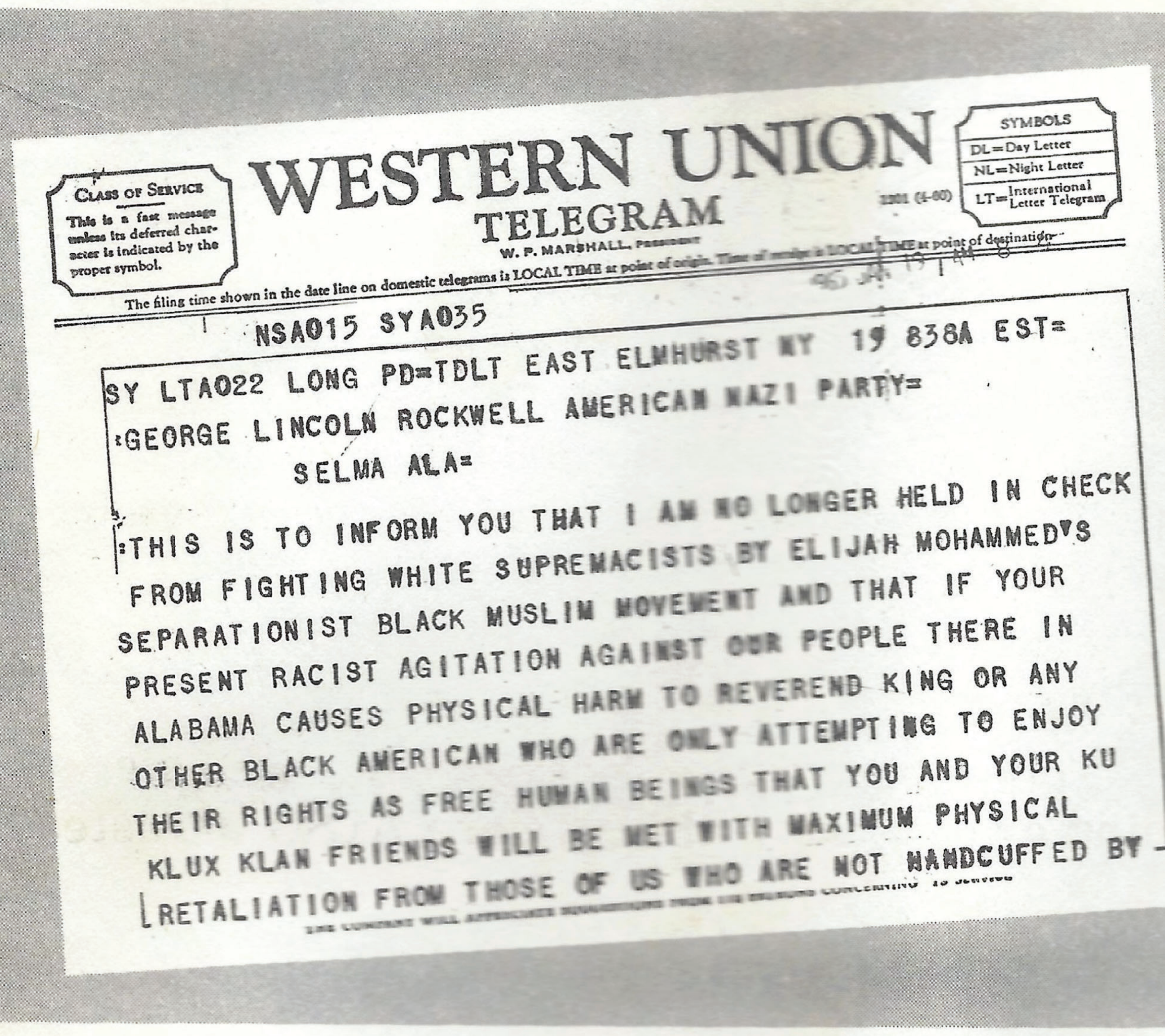
"Did you see me do anything disorderly?" (an improper question, but the judge either didn't know it or let it by)

"No."

Captain Lloyd respectfully moved to dismiss, --and the judge HAD to grant it!

Next the charges against me were changed to refusal to obey a police officer.

That charge means that the police officer must give a LAWFUL order. Baker's order forbidding me to go where I was invited was unlawful as it could be, ---and with King subpoenaed, Baker would look like a 24 carat damned fool in court.



WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM
W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

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DL=Day Letter
NL=Night Letter
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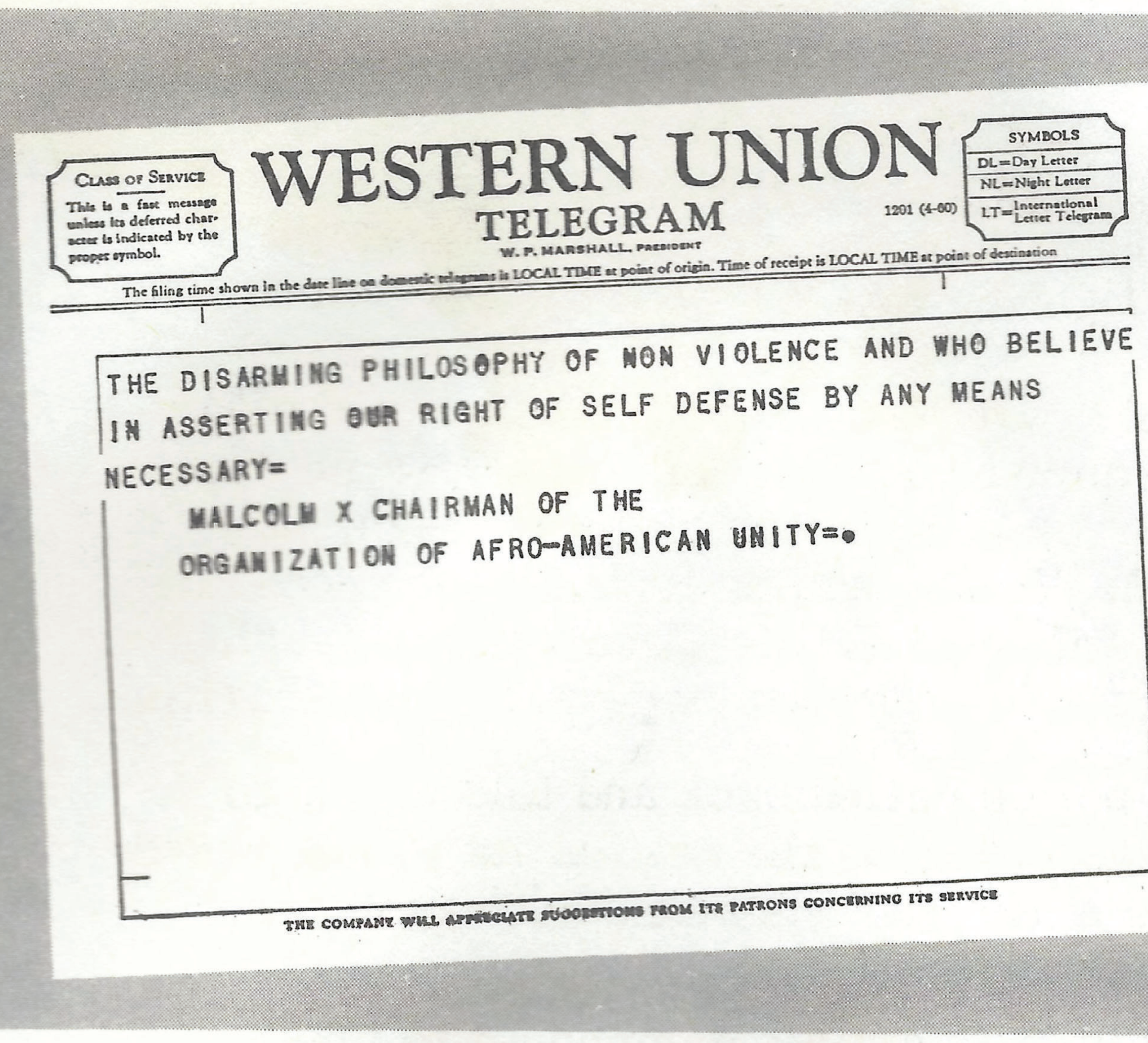
NSA015 SYA035
SY LTA022 LONG PD=TDLT EAST ELMHURST NY 19 838A EST=
:GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL AMERICAN NAZI PARTY=
SELMA ALA=
:THIS IS TO INFORM YOU THAT I AM NO LONGER HELD IN CHECK
FROM FIGHTING WHITE SUPREMACISTS BY ELIJAH MOHAMMED'S
SEPARATIONIST BLACK MUSLIM MOVEMENT AND THAT IF YOUR
PRESENT RACIST AGITATION AGAINST OUR PEOPLE THERE IN
ALABAMA CAUSES PHYSICAL HARM TO REVEREND KING OR ANY
OTHER BLACK AMERICAN WHO ARE ONLY ATTEMPTING TO ENJOY
THEIR RIGHTS AS FREE HUMAN BEINGS THAT YOU AND YOUR KU
KLUX KLAN FRIENDS WILL BE MET WITH MAXIMUM PHYSICAL
RETALIATION FROM THOSE OF US WHO ARE NOT HANDCUFFED BY



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THE DISARMING PHILOSOPHY OF NON VIOLENCE AND WHO BELIEVE
IN ASSERTING OUR RIGHT OF SELF DEFENSE BY ANY MEANS
NECESSARY=
MALCOLM X CHAIRMAN OF THE
ORGANIZATION OF AFRO-AMERICAN UNITY=.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

In an utterly disgusting anti-climax, the judge called me up close to the bench and actually whispered that the City Attorney had requested my case be "nolle prossed", too. No lecture, such as Lloyd got, --no warnings, --nothing, ---just nolle prossed!--NO PROSECUTION!

As we walked out of the Court room, three incredible things happened.

First, I got a telegram from Malcolm X. This vacillating jig, whom I used to respect, has jumped all over the ideologicol lot, and now winds up openly THREATENING me.

Malcolm knows where I am, and anytime he wants to try out his rifle club, we will be eager and anxious to ventilate that nigger, so the wind can blow through his burr-head and perhaps waft away some of the nigger odor and make him a more likeable and sociable nigger who will stay in his "place", --six feet straight down.

Almost simultaneously with delivery of this telegram in the courthouse hall, the White Man who testified against Lloyd came up to us, forced us to shake hands and started moaning about how sorry he was that he'd testified against us. He WAS. His eyes were all red, and he'd been obviously crying, --and he was no sissy. He wanted to buy us coffee, or just talk, make friends, etc. Lloyd and I were sad and disgusted and sorry for him all at once. Selma made us wonder if our whole race has gone nuts.

Finally, I saw J. B. Stoner, attorney for the Ku Klux Klan and master-mind behind Fields, standing in the hall with confederate flags pinned to everything but his drawers.

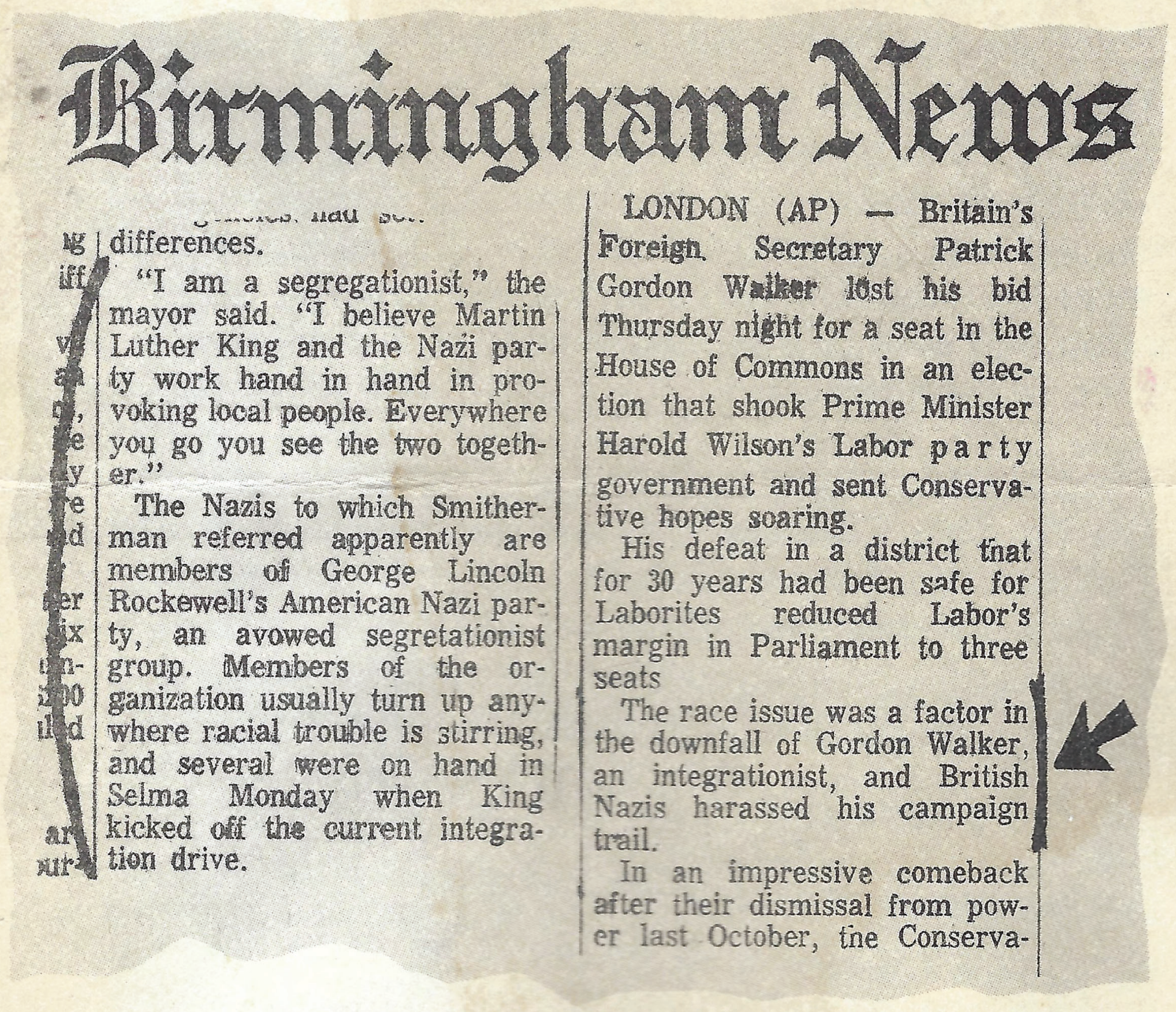
I went up to him and told him it was a disgrace for White Men to be blasting away at each other for the benefit of Jews and niggers, and asked if he would sit down privately, somewhere, and discuss our problems man to man.

He looked like Martin Luther Coon the day before when I cornered him, --like a rat looking for a hole to crawl in. He wouldn't agree to talk under any conditions!

WHY, WHY, --will White Men act that way to fellow White Men!

As I finish writing this long report in Mississippi, part on a bus, and part in a borrowed car, I have just read the Friday morning Jackson, Mississippi papers.

Way over in London, Colin Jordan, head of our group of British Nazis, has just beaten the living daylights out of the biggest and rattiest RACE-MIXER in the British Isles, Patrick Gordon Walker. Walker needed a seat in parliament badly, and sought it in the safest Socialist "Labor" district in England. Jordan and his brave lads attacked this filthy nigger-lover again and again and again on the RACE question, ---and Walker, with all the money and power in the world, got LICKED! Most of it was blacked out of the press, but some readers may recall the heroic attacks Jordan and his boys---OUR boys, made again and again on WALKER'S race-mixing rallies! It made only a little TV here and there. But the people of ENGLAND know that is was brave fighting, racist WHITE MEN, calling themselves "Nazis", who trounced the strongest and best-financed candidate in all England.



Birmingham News

differences.

"I am a segregationist," the mayor said. "I believe Martin Luther King and the Nazi party work hand in hand in provoking local people. Everywhere you go you see the two together."

The Nazis to which Smitherman referred apparently are members of George Lincoln Rockewell's American Nazi party, an avowed segretationist group. Members of the organization usually turn up anywhere racial trouble is stirring, and several were on hand in Selma Monday when King kicked off the current integration drive.

LONDON (AP) — Britain's Foreign Secretary Patrick Gordon Walker lost his bid Thursday night for a seat in the House of Commons in an election that shook Prime Minister Harold Wilson's Labor party government and sent Conservative hopes soaring.

His defeat in a district that for 30 years had been safe for Laborites reduced Labor's margin in Parliament to three seats

The race issue was a factor in the downfall of Gordon Walker, an integrationist, and British Nazis harassed his campaign trail.

In an impressive comeback after their dismissal from power last October, the Conserva-

The authorities in England don't do us any favors, but they didn't falsely arrest Jordan, nor call him a "red" behind his back, or any of the other kind of sneaky attacks we suffered in Selma., --the Nazis in England got RID of a nigger-loving, socialist RACE-MIXER.

Selma's officials, puffed up with a false and foolish pride that they don't need "outside" help against such an outside S. O. B. as Martin Luther King, have just denied the people of Selma the delicious pleasure of LAUGHING those ugly nigger agitators out of town.

In spite of all the misery we suffered down there, the people of Selma are still MY people, White, Christian people, full of holy and good instincts, and I intend to FIGHT for THEM.

But in the same paper which reports the victory by our lads against socialism and race-mixing in England, in the very next column, the MAYOR OF SELMA ACCUSES ME OF BEING "HAND-IN-HAND" WITH MARTIN LUTHER KING AND HIS FILTHY, COMMUNISTIC GANG!

According to Smitherman's logic, General Lee was actually working for the Yankees, because everywhere Grant went, Lee turned up! Sure I "turn up" wherever I can find King attacking. Perhaps Mr. Smitherman will tell me how ELSE I can FIGHT King, ---by staying HOME?---LIKE FIELDS?

This vile and cowardly attack by Mayor Smitherman is LIBEL, ---and will cost some of us jail time and maybe our lives when we arrive in some other Southern town.

The spectacle of White Men and Rightists attacking and lying about each other for the pleasure and benefit of communists and niggers is going to STOP.

I have tried begging and friendship and open advances of cooperation.

All I got was jail, insults, lies, pushing around---and catastrophe for the good, White, Christian people of Selma.

I mean to WIN; I mean to WIPE OUT treason, communist, soviet-style FORCED race-mixing, and I also mean to wipe out the weakness, foolishness and plain madness of right-wingers who are so anxious to win the favor of Jew merchants on main street they will try to bully and push around their own people because they believe the few fighters left are helpless. To WIN, I must come to Selma, and wherever else King and his black gang attack.

Fields has forced me to FIGHT, and I am going to fight until he's ready to act square and cut out the damnable LIES.

Partially because of Fields and his lies, Selma officials have now done the same thing, and left me no choice but to fight until THEY are ready to recognize that we are all in the boat together, and that our only weapon is the TRUTH, ---never, never, never lies against each other!

I apologize to our readers for this outburst, but I am emotionally exhausted. Lloyd, Jerry Dutton and I have given all we had, and gotten spat upon for our pains. Now I am angry, righteously angry, I believe, and I shall fight BOTH Martin Luther King and blind, foolish officials who imagine I can be pushed around just because we are few, poor and often alone.

Colin Jordan has magnificently proved what we can do, in England.

I shall shortly do the same thing in Virginia.